

BANGOR DAILY WHIG AND COURIER.

BY BOUTELLE & BURR.

ENTITLED AS SECOND
CLASS MAIL MATTER

BANGOR, ME., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1886.

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BANGOR
Daily Whig and Courier:

Established Morning
by
BOUTELLE & BURR.
Price—\$0 per year; \$1.00 for six months
for three months; \$1.00 for advance.

THE BANGOR WEEKLY COURIER
Editor—John M. Nealey.
Address—10 State Street, Boston,
Mass.—New York, New Haven, and
Baltimore, on the 1st and 15th of each month.

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Mass.—New York, New Haven, and
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Foot Boots and Shoes

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LOMBIRD & COULD'S,

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THOS. JENNESS & SON,

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GREAT SCOTCH REMEDY.

Guaranteed to cure any person suffering from

Arthritis, Rheumatism, etc., page of water, Gravel,

etc., and will be sent to the doctor, just be-

cause it is a fit to soak and out of shape, but

it is cleaned, pressed, or made as good as new,

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You are interested

In the numerous uses as you live. Prof.

Johnson desire to give gentlemen a friendly dip-

peach, and a good time, in the use of this

medicine, we urge you to the doctor, just be-

cause it is a fit to soak and out of shape, but

it is cleaned, pressed, or made as good as new,

and verified whenever it fails.

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A Complete Printing Outfit

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This outfit contains 4 Assorted Ribbed Prints, Bottles of Ink, Holder and Tweezers,

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Sign of the Dressed Man.

June 18

1886.

NEW YORK, May 10th, 1886.

This is to certify that we have this day and until further notice, constituted Mr. L. J. Wheeler, of the City of Bangor,

State of Maine, sole proprietor for the sale of the Steinway & Sons' Pianofortes for all territory in Maine west of Bath.

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Stores, secures advantages beyond the reach of any other dealer in the State of Maine, and no one is better who can buy big pieces when we guarantee the same goods for less money. NO MATTER what style or make you want, we furnish them all. Get every body's lowest prices and then call or write to us.

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Address—10 State Street, Boston,

Debby, Wilder's Ride.

(Concluded.)

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Wilder, "you'll need a little change to get some things with this money, in order to get married."

"How much will she want this week?" said Mr. Wilder.

"I think I let her have fifteen or twenty dollars," said Mrs. Wilder, "I think it would do to present by me."

"Well, now, I've got the present," said Mr. Wilder, "I've got a bill and a bill, and I'll pay her back the change by sending it to the bank, a distance of ten miles. I tried all over the neighborhood last week to get it changed, but couldn't succeed. I shall be too busy to go myself, so you will have to do it in a mail. Pay her the old horse, in the mailing, and take the bill to the bank and get it changed, and then she may have some of the money."

A proposition was soon reported to Debby, who said, "she had just as lieve take the ride as not." The master being thus amicably agreed with Mrs. Wilder, there was nothing to hinder going forward with certain modifications. Debby was an excellent spirt, and Mr. Wilder was a mutual good humor towards Debby. Having at last brought his mind to consent to the arrangement, which he had so long delayed, his feelings were in a state of reaction, which caused him to regard Debby with tenderness.

The next morning, his old gray horse was standing at the stable door, proven ready to start; and Mr. Wilder had been out half a dozen times to examine the saddle, bridle, to see that everything was right, and had lifted the saddle from its cradle, and laid it around to see if any of the shoes were loose. And what at last Debby was ready, he led old gray to the horse-blocks, and held them while she was seated in the saddle, and then he took the bridle, and shortened the stirrup leather, and buckled the girth a little tighter to prevent at the saddle's turning, and when he had seen that all was right, he stepped on the stirrups and mounted on his small riding-whip, and placed it in her hand, and giving her a hundred charges to take care of herself, and be careful she did not fall, he stepped up to the head of the horse, and said to her, as she turned into the road and ascended the hill till she was out of sight.

Debby trotted along leisurely over the long road she had to travel, and the bright anticipations to feel weary at the distance or not at the saddle. The road was but little travelled, and she met but two persons in the whole distance. One was a woman, who had about a mile from home, and the other midway in a long valley of dark woods about a way on her journey. Had she been of a timid disposition she would have been afraid to approach when she saw the last person approaching her. His appearance was dark and stern, and they were two miles from any house, in the midst of a deep and silent wilderness.

Debby had seated his horse in passing, and kept on her way in perfect posture.

She reached the end of her journey in due time, which was the arrival of the walker, who had incurred of the walker as to the door way to the bank. As he was pointing out to her its location, she observed a tall, dark-looking man, who had a red whisker, and was looking directly at her. She however turned away, without noticing him any farther, and went directly to the bank. When she reached the door she found it closed, and learned from the keeper that the door was closed that day. In her exceeding dispair, she stood silent for some time, uncertain what she should do.

"I can do anything I can do for you, Mr. Wilder," a gentleman at the adjoining door said.

Debby replied that she wanted to change a bit of the bank.

"Oh, I'll change it for you," said the gentleman, "if it is not too large, come in here."

She accordingly stepped into the store, and giving him many thanks, handed him the bill.

"A hundred dollars," said he, "I can not do it; I have but half that amount in the store. But if you go across there to the apothecary's, I think it is likely enough he may do it."

Debby stepped again, and went across to the apothecary's. Here she made known her wishes, but with no better success. As she turned to go out she encountered a man who had been sent to her by the apothecary.

"But I have not been coming into debt, said Joseph.

"Yes, I have bought Anderson's farm," said Wilder.

"At \$1,000?" said Wilder.

"Yes, I do not know for exacting," said Wilder.

Mr. Wilder was too much astonished to ask any further questions.

Joseph Nelson was an excellent farmer, and a good man. He was industrious and got up early before 4 A.M., and Wilder was always proud of his son-in-law. It was some ten years since this, when Mr. Wilder was sitting one evening in his study, with his wife, when he heard a knock at the door.

"Dad, I should like to know how Joseph contrived to have his farm at the time she was married?"

Debby stepped up to the door, brought the key, and opening them pointed to the inner pocket saying, "The money came from there, sir."

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Ladies' Fine Note Paper.

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Smooth Finis., or Not Pressed,

25 Cents Per Pound.

Also a cheaper grade, suitable for School and Figuring Purposes.

10 Cents Per Pound!

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MORNING.

Salute of 60 Guns and Ringing of

Grand Parade of Military and Civic Bodies, Maj. H. S. Melcher, Chief Mar-

Rev. Mr. Fitch, M. V. M. and Re-

Rev. Mr. Maynard, Alfordian and Historical Tableaux.

A full display of Trade, Manufacture and Commerce.

The Centenary Fire Department in line, the display of Railroad Enterprise, Steam and Rail.

Having tried out three or four pieces without effecting her object, Debby said she must give it up, for she was not told. It probably would not be safe to do so, for if Debby were to tell the truth, the man should be exposed the next day. Consequently she concluded to return immediately home. As she rode out of the hotel yard, she observed the tall man with black whiskers, standing on a bridge, watching her movements. But she rode on, and was no sooner out of sight than he was out of her mind, for her own perplexing disappointment engrossed his thoughts. She had been a set two miles of her homeward journey a most unconscious of the distance, so busily was she turning over in her mind various plans to effect her purpose, that she would try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.

She looked up at him and recognized the tall man with black whiskers. Whom she had noticed at the hotel. Leaving the druggist's she rode on, taking the goods so far as she thought she should try her luck there. Still she was unsuccessful.

She was leaving the store, she met the tall man with black whiskers again, and he was smiling and laughing.

"He is a hundred percent," he thought, "he could change it." After looking at it he returned to her again, observing, "If it has been a city bill it would have changed it, but he did not like to change a country bill."

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"Did you make out to get your bill changed?" asked the stranger.

"No, I did not," said Debby.

"Then you have to company on the road," said the stranger, "for it is rather lonesome alone. I trust you will allow me to be your protector?"

Debby thanked him, but said she was not used to be trusted, and still, in a lonely place, it was agreeable to have company.

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